

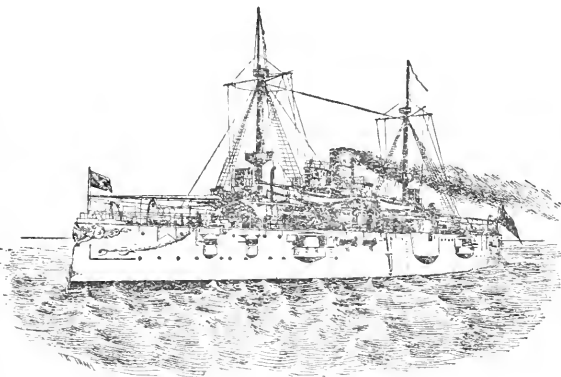
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Battle of Santiago

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THE ANNIHILATION OF
CERVERA'S FLEET



U. S. BATTLESHIP "TEXAS"

... BY ...

The Chaplain of the "Texas" During Our War
With Spain



THE AUTHOR.
When Chaplain of the "Texas."

The Battle of Santiago

On board the U. S. Battleship "Texas,"
Captain Jack Philip, U. S. Navy, commanding.

A vivid description of the Naval
Battle off Santiago de Cuba, July
3rd, 1898. A portrayal of the
destruction of Cervera's Fleet by
"one who was in it," and who
now in this narrative endeavors to
place before the public a faithful
account of the events occurring
on that ever memorable day. :: ::

By HARRY W. JONES, A.M., D.D.

Former Chaplain of the Battleship "Texas"

AUTHOR OF

"A Chaplain's Experience Ashore and Afloat"

"Woman's Piety and Its Beauty"

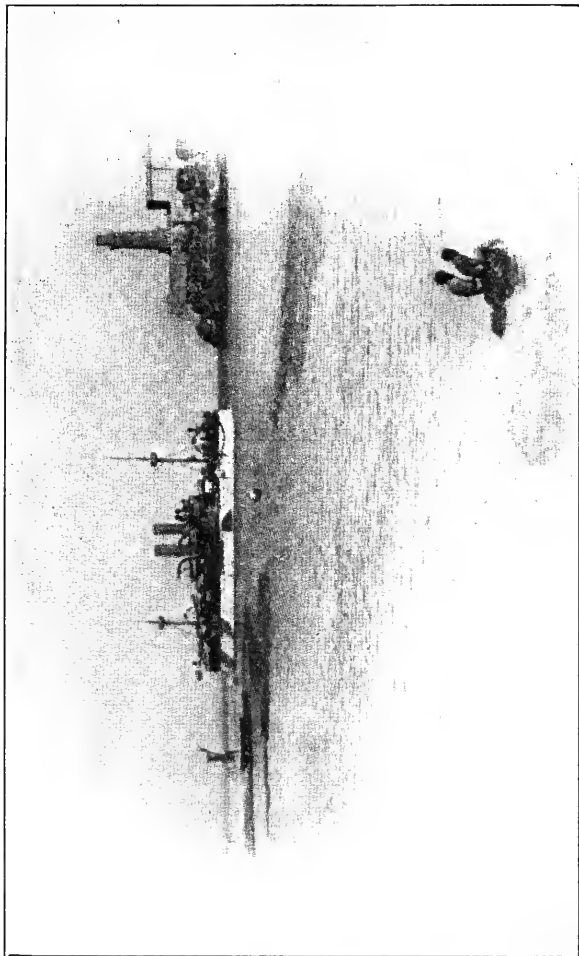
"The Ideal Woman"

"The Model Woman," etc.

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Published, April, 1913.

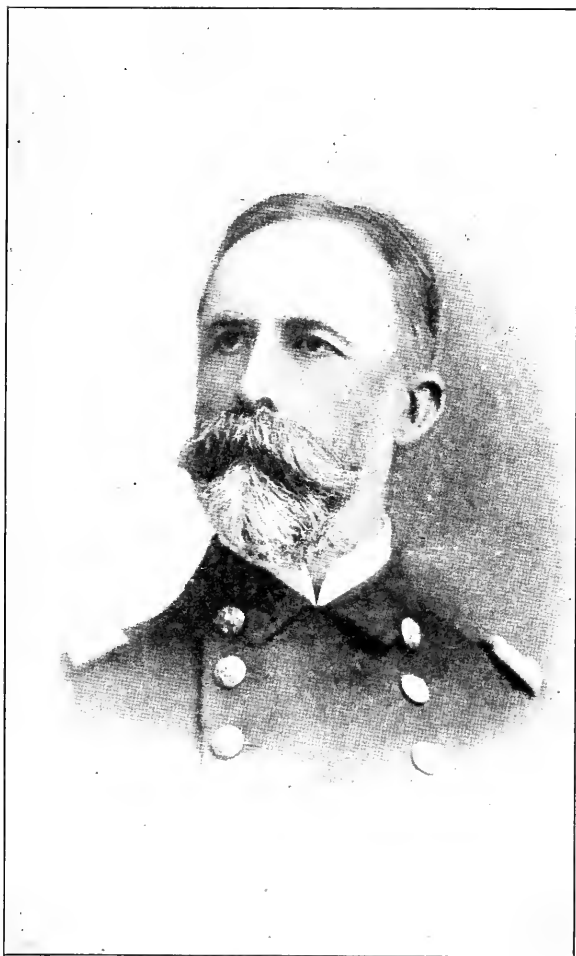


U. S. S. "MAINE," ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR.

On January 25, 1898, the "Maine" steamed past Morro Castle into the harbor of Havana. Going peacefully to her designated anchorage in the port of a supposed friendly power, no thought was given to the fearful fate in store for her. While she was majestic when teeming with life, a halo has been thrown around her by her having been destroyed by a submarine mine at 9.40 p. m., February 15, 1898, and the battle-cry "Remember the Maine" was reverberated around the world and spurred our men on to fresh victories.

Dedicated
To Our Country's Heroes
"The Men Behind The Guns"

In perpetuam rei memoriam



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.
When Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic
Station.

Battle of Santiago

THE ANNIHILATION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

ON June 22d, 1898, the day our army was landed at Baiquiri, Admiral Sampson sent around a general order, which closed as follows: "The attention of Commanding Officers of all vessels engaged in blockading Santiago de Cuba is earnestly called to the necessity of the utmost vigilance from this time forward, both as to maintaining stations and readiness for action and as to keeping a close watch upon the harbor mouth. If the Spanish Admiral ever intends to escape, that attempt will be made soon." Sunday morning, July 3d, was a day hard to be beaten, even in that sunlit country of Cuba. About eight o'clock, Surgeon Du Bose, U. S. N., came to my room to examine me, I having been wounded in action the day before. My temperature had been taken, when a messenger boy came down from the bridge, with a message from Lieutenant Bristol, Officer of the Deck, asking whether I would conduct divine service that morning. I sent back this answer: "The Chaplain's compliments to Lieutenant Bristol; he does not believe he is strong enough to hold service; anyway, he cannot, as he is on the

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sick list." This was the first time I had to say "No" about holding service since I had been on board.

At nine o'clock, Captain Philip came to my room and asked how I was getting along. His good-natured face, with the smile it always bore, cheered me exceedingly. Then, in his jocular manner, he said: "Well, Chaplain, I guess you want to go out on a farm." I said: "No, sir, I do not." "No!" said he; "You want to go home, then." I replied: "Yes, Captain; if I'm going to be laid up I want to go home, as I do not care to be ill down here, but do not wish to appear as shirking my duty." "Let us wait and see how you are later on in the day," said the Captain, and, with a word of cheer, he bade me adieu.

At 9:30 the doctor returned, in company with the apothecary, who had brought some medicine for me. As they were standing by the side of my bunk, Lieutenant F. L. Haesler, U. S. N., came below, exclaiming: "They are coming out, fellows!" Just then the general alarm rang, and the doctor left, after telling me I had better try to get up. Getting out of my bunk, I put my uniform on as quickly as possible, as I was still very weak, and could scarcely get around. One of our young officers, whom we nicknamed Handsome Willie, was in the barber's chair, getting his whiskers trimmed, when the bell rang;



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL J. W. PHILIP, U. S. N.
When commanding the U. S. Battleship "Texas."

ANNIHILATION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

he had a beautiful auburn crop, which had become too bushy to suit him in that hot climate, so he decided upon the Van Dyke style. The tonsorial artist was cutting away, and had finished trimming one side (the starboard) down to perfection. Suddenly the alarm sounded, and, without waiting a moment, our handsome shipmate, leaping out of the chair, hurried to his station with a decided list to port so far as his whiskers were concerned; there was no list about his sight, however, when the firing commenced. As the magazines were opened, the men slid down the hawsers like so many monkeys sliding down a pole; so active and anxious were they to be ready for the fight. The first twelve-inch shell that came up was for Lieutenant Haesler's gun, on which the men had inscribed with chalk, down in the magazine:

"In God we trust,
This shell will bust,
And blow the Dagoes
Into dust."

"In memory of the 'Maine,' from her beloved sister ship, the 'Texas,' off Santiago de Cuba, July 3d, 1898."

After I had completed dressing, which was simply the putting of my white duck uniform over

BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

my pajamas, which I had not time to take off, I went aft, and, looking out at a gun port, saw at that moment what seemed to be the largest ships I had ever seen—Cervera's magnificent ships of war. The cruiser "Infanta Maria Teresa," Cervera's flagship, was in plain view, coming around Smith Cay in front of the Punta Gorda battery. From our signal halyards flew the flags representing general signal No. 250: "The enemy is attempting to escape."

Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol had the bridge, and the order had gone down to the men in the engine room: "Full speed ahead!" and the dear old "Texas," the mighty black bulldog of war that she was, rushed on to meet the foe, and was churning a white wake before the first black prow of Cervera's Squadron had fairly showed around Puntilla. Notwithstanding the long, tedious waiting for the Spanish Admiral to come out, Admiral Sampson's orders had been faithfully obeyed, and the blockade was conducted with a success exemplified only by the result. Within three minutes of the time when the alarm was given, the "Texas" was under way, at full speed, firing, every man at his post. What greater perfection can be demanded? On each side of the "Texas," the "Brooklyn," on our port, and the "Iowa," on our starboard side, were coming up with a tremendous rush. The dash



THE LATE REAR ADMIRAL PASQUAL CERVERA.
When Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Fleet.

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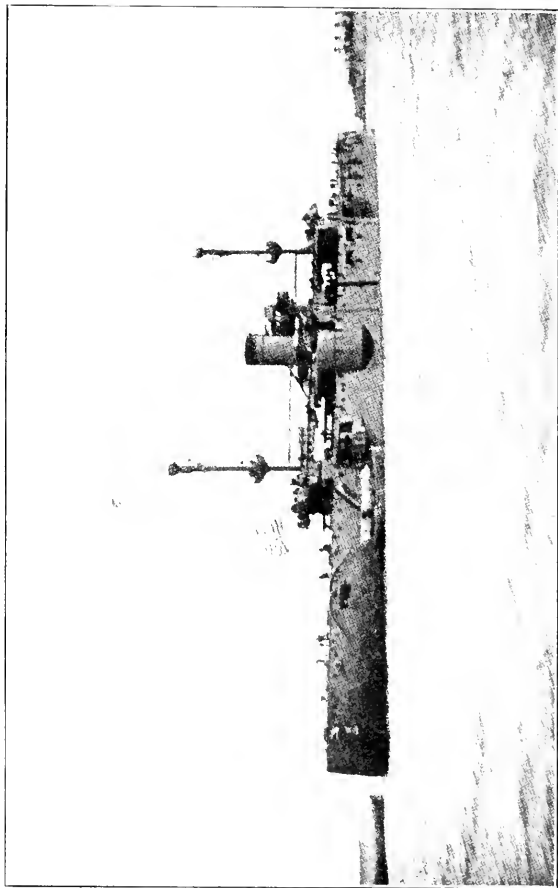
they made for the enemy, with the water pouring over their bows, was beautiful beyond description. Farther east were the "Oregon" and the "Indiana," also headed in, ready for business. As soon as our Captain reached the bridge, Lieutenant Bristol hastened to his post at the port twelve-inch turret gun. Captain Philip saw at a glance that the purpose of Cervera was to run his ships in column westward in his effort to escape between the "Brooklyn" and the shore before our heavier ships could come up to stop him. Cervera miscalculated his speed, as well as the speed of our battleships, also had very little conception of the deadly accuracy of the aim of the men behind the American guns at long range, as before he had found himself fairly outside of the Morro, our whole Squadron—"Oregon," "Indiana," "Iowa," "Brooklyn" and "Texas"—was after him, and the way the shells were fired into him virtually decided the issue of the battle in a very few moments.

It was exactly 9:40 A.M. when a great puff of smoke came from the forward eleven-inch gun of the "Infanta Maria Teresa," the shell dropping short, but right in line with us. I remembered what Captain Philip so often had said about the War of the Rebellion, which he was in, claiming that whichever side opened fire on the Sabbath was always defeated, so I felt rejoiced

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that the enemy had fired the first shot. I really believe I was a little superstitious just then. The battle was now raging in deadly earnest. Shot after shot was fired at the various ships. The "Infanta Maria Teresa," being in the lead, received the concentrated fire of our ships for some time. Then the two torpedo boats rushed out of the harbor, and the shout went along our deck: "Two torpedo boats, sir, in our smoke!" Our hearts seemed to stop beating, as the destroyers were the instruments of death we dreaded most; but, to our surprise, instead of heading for us, they rushed on like two race horses, eager to get between their ships and the shore, each trying to outpoint the other.

Knowing what these swift little crafts were capable of accomplishing, all the ships poured a deadly fire right in on them, and I think all took a turn in the annihilation of them; but a great deal of the credit of their destruction is due to the unprotected auxiliary Cruiser, "Gloucester," commanded by Commander Richard Wainwright, who was the Executive Officer of the "Maine" when that vessel blew up in the harbor of Havana; and surely he remembered his beloved ship and her gallant men that morning. She made a very plucky fight, rushed in and, at close range, poured shot after shot into the "Pluton" and the "Furor." The "Pluton" was



CLEARED FOR ACTION.

U. S. Battleship "Texas" as she appeared engaging Cervera's fleet.

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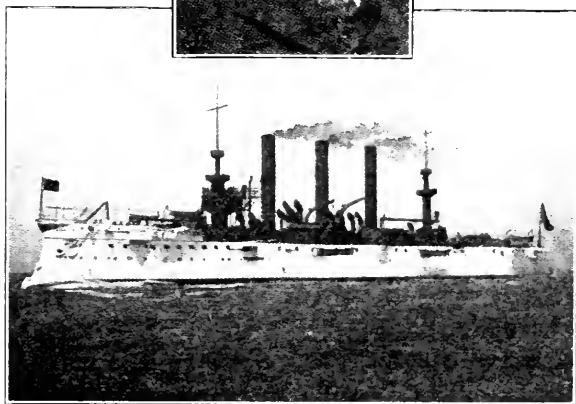
run on the rocks, after being disabled, and very soon blew up. The "Furor" sank in deep water a few minutes later; this was at 10:30.

The "Texas" had been hit a few minutes before this, right in the smoke stack; and here again is shown the hand of Providence directing our beloved Captain. The firing from the enemy's ships had become very general, shells were whistling around our bridge, and the Captain said to the officers up there with him: "We had better go down to the lower bridge." Going down the only remaining ladder for them to descend, they had just stepped off it, when crash went a shell, right into the pilot house where they were standing only a moment before. Had they not left when they did, one or more of them would probably have been killed. We were then rushing on in the thick of the fight, firing whole broadsides as fast as our men could load the guns, and the roar of our great guns was deafening. Suddenly our navigator, Lieutenant Heilner, happened to remark that the Spanish cruisers had plenty of colors flying, and they wanted us to believe they meant business, whether they did or not, as their great yellow and red flags were flying at the mastheads fore and aft. This caused him to look aloft and say: "Why, where are our battle flags? What is a battle without battle flags?" He then hurried a messenger after them.

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The messenger returned with the information that the flags were in the locker and that the Chief Quartermaster had the key. The Signal Quartermaster just then was very busy, and somewhat inaccessible, being at his post of duty in the fore upper top. Then the navigator said: "Smash the locker." This being done, we were furnished with the battle flags; up they went, but I don't believe the old "Texas" fought any better after that, though doubtless it made the Lieutenant very much happier. "Captain," he said, "those fellows got enough battleflags up, but I guess they have their white ones ready for an emergency."

The smoke was dense around us at this time, and we could not see very far ahead. The shells were screeching like so many screech owls above us, and yet our brave, noble and heroic Captain stood on the lower bridge, never flinching in this, his hour of danger. As the "Texas" veered westward, the "Brooklyn" was plowing up the water at a great rate in a course almost due north, direct for the oncoming Spanish ships, and was nearly a mile away from the "Texas." The smoke from our guns just then began to hang heavily and densely over the ship for a few moments, but it seemed more like an hour that we were hidden in this cloud, as it hovered over the waters. To use the Captain's own language: "I might as



THE LATE
REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, U. S. N.
When Commander-in-Chief Flying Squadron.
U. S. S. "Brooklyn," Flagship.

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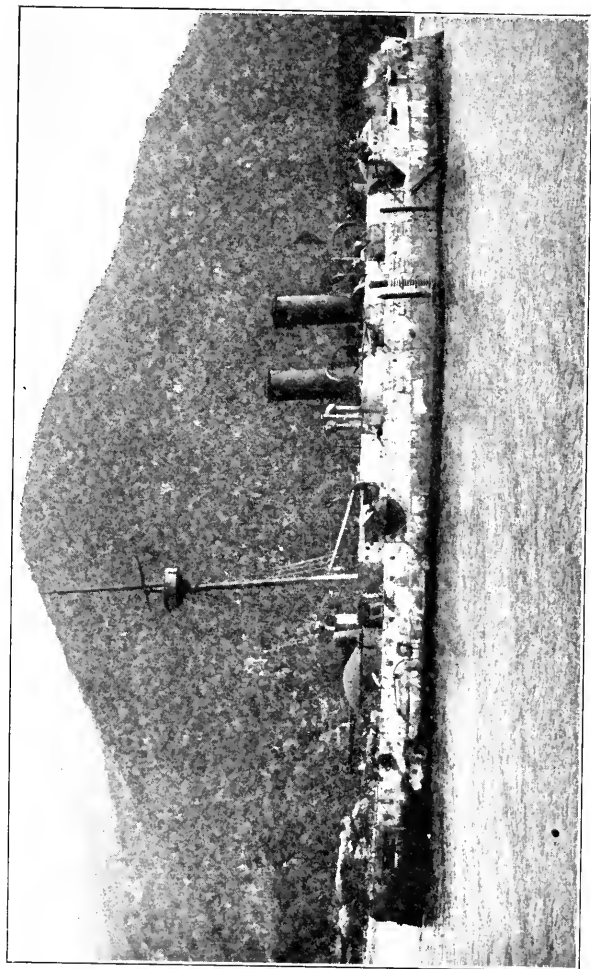
well have had a blanket tied over my head as to be there with the smoke completely blinding me"; but suddenly a whiff of the breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall, and there, bearing toward us and across our bow, turning on her port helm, with big waves crawling over her bows, great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the "Brooklyn," she having passed astern of us during the firing, but was now headed out. She looked as big as half a dozen "Great Easterns" and seemed so near that it took my breath away. "Back both engines hard!" the indicators registered down in our engine room; and in the twinkling of an eye the old "Texas," that never refused to obey either her engines or her helm, was racing against herself, and by this cool level-headedness and seamanlike ability on the part of our Commanding Officer the collision, which seemed inevitable, was averted. And as the big cruiser went rushing by us, all on the bridge with the Captain gave a sigh of relief; for had the "Brooklyn" struck us then, the "Texas," in all probability, would have sunk with her five hundred men on board, and if the "Texas" had collided with the "Brooklyn," her fate would have been almost as disastrous, as she would have doubled up like a hoop, not having been built for ramming. This happened shortly after we commenced the fight,

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and just before the torpedo boats were destroyed.

We again began to exchange compliments with the "Infanta Maria Teresa," who was firing at us as rapidly as she could, but the aiming of her men was exceedingly poor. At last she was forced to surrender; and at 10:35 her white flag went up, as the yellow and the red came down. The flames were roaring out of every side of her, and curling up twice as high as her mast, and we heard the crackling of the timber as it burned so fiercely on that ship, then a wreck, which only a few moments before was as magnificent a looking ship as ever sailed the Caribbean Sea. Just three minutes after the "Infanta Maria Teresa" went on shore the "Oquendo" had to follow her example; and, hauling down her colors, hoisted the white flag. This caused our men to feel elated, and they were in the act of cheering, when our Captain, a perfect man in battle, yet as soft-hearted as a child when it was necessary, surmised what their intentions were, so, lifting both hands in the air, he stamped on the bridge, and, shouting at the men, said: "Don't cheer, boys; those poor devils are dying!" and it is needless to say they didn't.

The "Oregon," when the fight commenced, was the farthest away, but almost as soon as the battle commenced she was the leading ship. The



WRECKED "INFANTA MARIA TERESA."

Broad off starboard side, lying about 15 miles west of the Morro.

NOTE: Under the direction of Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, U. S. N., this ship was floated and towed to Guantánamo, September 25, 1898, but enroute to Norfolk, while making heavy weather in a gale of wind, was abandoned November 1, 1898. She then drove on shore at Cat Island, and, after being surveyed, was finally abandoned November 20, 1898.

ANNIHILATION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

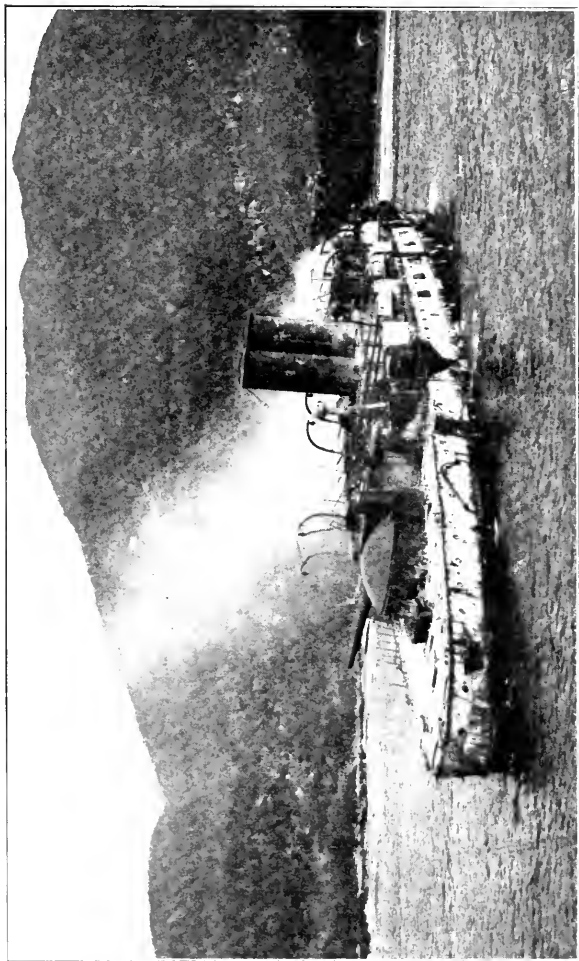
"Brooklyn," the "Iowa" and the "Indiana," as well as the "Texas," had all assisted in the destruction of these two ships, the pride of the Spanish nation.

The "Vizcaya," in command of Captain Eulate, was then the only ship remaining for us to engage in that immediate vicinity, as the "Cristobal Colon" had passed her and was headed up the coast. We put a regular torrent of shells into the "Vizcaya." The "Brooklyn" was abeam of her, about two miles outside; the "Oregon" was nearly abeam, half a mile further in shore; and the "Texas" was on the starboard quarter of the "Oregon" and about a mile astern of her. All three were steering parallel courses to the westward. We were all firing at her, but her crew, with a most striking and persistent tenacity, remained by their guns, until finally she, too, had to head for the beach, where she was hard and fast at 11:05. At 11:30, a terrific explosion took place on board, as the first of her magazines blew up, tearing a hole in her large enough for a furniture van to go through with the greatest ease.

Then began the chase of the "Cristobal Colon," which ship was then about six miles ahead of us. The "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" started in pursuit, and our Captain, fearing something might happen to the "Oregon," and knowing the

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"Cristobal Colon" to be the supposed superior ship of the two, as compared with the "Brooklyn," considered it his duty to force his engines and join the race, and in a very little while our ship was making as fine speed as she had ever made since her trial trip. The men in the engine rooms had been on duty for several hours; one watch should have come off duty when the battle commenced, having been on four hours previous to that time, and as it was now nearing noon, they had been in the trying fire-room for seven hours. The Marine Guard was in charge of the secondary battery, and, their guns not being in service at this time, as the "Cristobal Colon" was out of range, asked Lieutenant Radford, their Commanding Officer, to obtain the Captain's permission to allow them to go down and relieve the firemen. The permission was granted, and the marines went below; but, as they entered the fire-room, those lusty fellows down there told them to get out of that and go back on deck where they belonged; as it was their duty to be in the fire-room, as firemen of the ship, and supply the fuel in time of action, and that duty they would do, or die; and it is remarkable to relate that, notwithstanding that exceedingly trying experience, with a temperature of 127 degrees the greater part of the time, not one of those men was overcome by the heat.



WRECKED "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING BEACHED.
Taken off starboard quarter, the ship is lying in a small cove about one-half mile to the westward of where the "Infanta Maria Teresa" was beached.

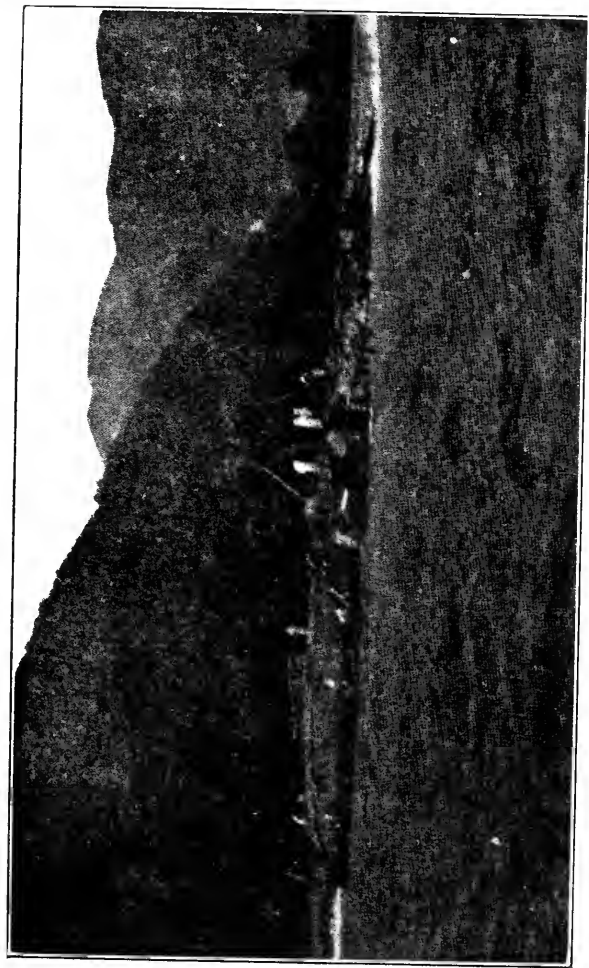
ANNIHILATION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

At 12:45 the "Oregon" sent a shell after the "Cristobal Colon," to let her know that we were still pursuing. Finally she was hemmed in on all sides, and at 1:15 ran down her colors, as her Commanding Officer beached her. We signalled: "Enemy has surrendered." The signal was repeated by the "Vixen," then coming up behind us, to the "New York," about a mile astern of us at that time, but was not acknowledged. As the "Oregon" closed in, her band was playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." All the Spanish crew was on the deck of the "Cristobal Colon"; the men on the "Brooklyn" were shouting and cheering. Our Commanding Officer came from the bridge; all hands were on the quarter deck, as we were then with our stern toward the enemy. Looking over toward that ship, the last of the enemy to go ashore, it was a beautiful picture. Had her Commanding Officer spent weeks in selecting a place to beach his ship, he could not have found a more picturesque place than where he ran her aground. Off her starboard beam was the only green field that I had seen all the time we had been reconnoitering off the coast of Cuba, this served as a kind of background for the picture. Surrounding this field were the lofty pine and palm trees waving in the breeze.

As our Captain came toward us he uncovered

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his noble brow, looking at his men, said: "Men, I have always had implicit confidence in the 'Texas,' my officers, and my crew, but my greatest confidence has been and is in Almighty God, and I wish to make public acknowledgment, here to-day, of my belief in prayer; and I ask every man who has no religious scruples to uncover his head with me, and silently thank God for our deliverance and for the victory He has given us." There they stood, stripped to the waist, blood trickling from their strained muscles, their bodies stained from the powder, the coal dust and smoke of the fire-room, but from the heart of every one of us that beautiful Sabbath morning went up the most fervent prayer that ever left the heart of man, as we thanked God for the victory He had given us and for our miraculous escape. The Captain did not know I was on deck until after he had spoken, when he suddenly espied me standing on the starboard side, so sending an officer over, apologized for depriving me of the privilege of performing my duty of offering the prayer. Crossing the deck, I went up to the Captain, and taking him by the hand, said: "Captain, I am very glad, sir, you did not know I was on deck, for by this act of yours you have proven that you are the kind of man I always believed you were—a man who has faith in prayer." Later on, the Executive Officer came



WRECKED "CRISTOBAL COLON."

The vessel lies on her starboard beam ends, perpendicular to the beach, stern inshore, with about 200 feet of her length from the stern out of water. She lies several hundred yards to the westward of Rio Tarquino, about 50 miles from the entrance of Santiago.

ANNIHILATION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

to me and said: "Chaplain, did you hear those remarks of the Commanding Officer?" I said: "Yes, sir." He said: "That was the most manly act I have ever witnessed in my life."

Just then the "New York" and "Vixen" came up as Commodore Schley came alongside our ship in his barge. Calling to Captain Philip he said: "We have no Chaplain on the 'Brooklyn'; we want to borrow yours. As he buried our first dead in Cuban soil, I want him to go with us to Guantanamo and bury Yeoman Ellis, who was killed. Looking at the Captain, I said: "Captain, I have your permission, sir?" He said: "Yes." And I started to leave the ship. The Austrian man-of-war, "Kaiserin Maria Theresia," supposed then to be a Spanish ship coming to the aid of Admiral Cervera, had been sighted, so Admiral Sampson ordered Commodore Schley, with the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon," to go after her and destroy her. Expecting the ships would soon be in action, our doctor came up to Captain Philip and said: "Don't you allow the Chaplain to go, sir." I said, "Captain, oh, please let me go, sir!" He said: "No, sir; I had forgotten you were ill." So he called down to Commodore Schley: "Our Chaplain is too ill to leave the ship; he has been attacked with hemorrhages; I am sorry, but it cannot be helped." The Commodore returned

BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

to his ship, and one of the burly fellows on our deck shouted out: "Let us give three cheers for Captain Jack Philip!" And they were given with a vengeance. The old "Texas" fairly shook as the men cheered Captain Philip, the hero who had that day led them to victory—a hero who, for the stand he had taken on deck, would, we knew, be admired by the whole Christian world.

We remained by the "Cristobal Colon" that night. In the morning, when I went on deck, I was saddened to see that that noble ship had capsized and was lying on her starboard side, her port guns pointing at the skies. We started for Santiago, which was forty-eight miles distant, and on our way thither passed several dead Spaniards who had been drowned or killed; some of them floating with their heads, hands and feet down, and a life belt around their waist, which had slipped down, causing them to drown. We reached Santiago just at noon. The battle flags went up as we formed the usual blockading semi-circle. Three or four foreign battleships had come in, the Austrian that created such a stir the day before, an Englishman, and a Portuguese. We fired the national salute in honor of our Fourth of July, and it was a grand and fitting termination of that most glorious naval victory.

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